UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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William Howard Taft

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Another Religious War?

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

"Moving Out" From the Ranks in Russia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

"Uncompromising Pacifism"

A Book Review

By WALTER WALSH

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV | MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1930 | NUMBER 4

A SCIENTIST SUPPORTS RELIGION

No man who believes in the fundamental value for the modern world of the essentials of religion, and in the necessity for the definite organization of religion for the sake of making it socially effective, needs to withdraw himself from the religious groups, and thereby exert his personal influence against the spread of the essential religious ideals, since in America, at least, he will have no difficulty in finding religious groups who demand nothing of their adherents more than the belief in the foregoing ideals, coupled with an honest effort to live in conformity with them. A very large fraction of the altruistic and humanitarian and forward-looking work of the world, in all its forms, has today its mainsprings in the Christian churches. My own judgment is that about ninety-five per cent of it has come, and is coming, directly or indirectly, from the influence of organized religion in the United States. My own judgment is that, if the influence of American churches in the furtherance of socially wholesome and forward-looking movements, in the spread of conscientious and unselfish living of all sorts, were to be eliminated, our democracy would in a few years become so corrupt that it could not endure.

Robert A. Millikan, in "Science And The New Civilization.."

The impression seems to be growing that Mr. Hoover's administration is falling into confusion. Mr. Villard's sensational article in the *Nation* on "Headless Washington" is only one of many statements that the President's policies are coming to nothing, and that the President himself is losing his grip. Chief evidence in support of this idea seems to be found in the prevailing discord between the White House and the Senate, and the general demoralization following therefrom. And this is impressive evidence! But what has this got to do with Mr. Hoover? Why hold him to blame? What impresses us about the Senate, in its relation to the administration, is the fact that the Senate has as its leader these days the incredible Watson, of Indiana. This politician, whose head is as empty of ideas as his lungs are full of wind, attained his august position in the same way that some doddering old woman in an Old Ladies' Home attains seniority among her associates—simply by outliving all her contemporaries. Watson has no brains, little character, and less personal authority. The Republicans groan over him, the Democrats laugh at him, Hoover in his private hours must rave against him. Yet it is this complacent mass of ignorance and conceit that the Republicans of the Senate have allowed to lead and speak for them as their sponsor to the world! What wonder that relations between White House and Senate have fallen into confusion? And what is the President to do about it when he has to waste his time conferring with such a man, and to this man commit the destiny of his ideas and policies? We have again and again defended the Senate in these columns. We believe that the easy levity with which this body is held by a certain part of the public is unjust. But we believe also that the Senate is doing what it can to justify this levity when it presents the ridiculous Watson, of Indiana, as the responsible leader of its deliberations.

J. Ramsay MacDonald is lucky—undeservedly lucky! For some weeks, now, his administration has seemed headed for the rocks. Unemployment in Britain is worse rather than better; the Naval Conference has stirred doubts rather than hopes; India threatens a terrific crisis; and the budget prospect in Parliament is black with storm. Affairs could not be much worse for Labor. But, as luck will have it, the opposition on both sides has chosen just this moment to split into fragments. The situation in the Tory Party is the worst, if only because this Party constitutes the real opposition to the government. Beaverbrook and Rothermere, arrogant and ignorant lords, have been threatening to organize a new Empire Party of their own, and thus rend the ranks of the Tories from end to end. The money and the newspapers possessed by these lords make their move a political menace of the first magnitude. Stanley Baldwin, shuffling as usual, has weakly offered to barter the principles of his Party, to say nothing of the integrity of the Empire, for the support of these two lordly rebels, and one of the noble lords has temporarily caved in, but what Balfour could not do in 1905, when Joseph Chamberlain split the Conservatives, is unlikely to be done by a "weak sister" like Baldwin. As though this were not "pie" enough for the Laborites, the Liberals have chosen this propitious moment for a first-class row of their own. Discovering Lloyd-George's reckless and utterly selfish plot to oust the MacDonald government on the recent Coal Bill, a group of brave and honest Commoners refused to do the bidding of their unscrupulous leader. If this splits the Party, even as the Tories are split, nobody is to blame but Lloyd-George himself. It is not surprising that he has made desperate efforts to heal the breach thus created, and has outwardly succeeded. But the situation remains what it is—MacDonald faced by an opposition smashed into fragments

at the very moment when he is most desperately in need of succor! Luck went against him last time. It is good to see that luck can on occasion play in his favor.

The most scathing indictment of a judge that we have ever seen has recently been handed down by the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Court of Appeals in the famous case of the editor and chief editorial writer of the Cleveland *Press*. These two journalists, it will be remembered, were hauled up before Judge Walther, a high and mighty Cleveland magistrate, and sentenced on contempt proceedings to $500 fine and thirty days in jail each. Mr. Seltzer and Mr. Matson, the journalists in question, had written something in criticism of Walther which he didn't like, and he thereupon proceeded to vent his petty spleen upon the two offenders by slamming them in jail. No grosser instance of judicial tyranny was ever seen, and the Court of Appeals has not minced words in saying so. Judge Walther is first of all condemned for sitting as judge in a contempt case in which he himself was involved as the injured party. "He should have referred the case to an associate," says the Court of Appeals, "and given his statement as a witness rather than as a judge from the bench." Next, the Court declares that Walther's "judgment was manifestly against the weight of evidence, and the penalty meted out is in excess of that allowed by statute." This noble judge doesn't even know the law he is assuming to administer! Then come some statements in this opinion reversing Walther's judgment, which we wish might be written in letters of gold on the walls of every court of justice in the land. They have to do with the right of free speech and free press in a democracy. Says the Court:

> We live in an age of pitiless publicity, an age when freedom of speech and a free press are paramount issues. People should be allowed to say what they please and newspapers to print what they please, always making themselves liable under the laws of slander or the laws of libel.
>
> Because a man gets on the bench it does not necessarily mean that he has changed his temperament or his liability to get excited, and if he could set himself above the rest of mankind and sit in judgment on grievances in which he is the injured party he would establish a dangerous precedent.
>
> It is better for a Judge to be ruffled and agitated than it is to close the mouth of the speaker to the public.
>
> In other words, it is better that the press be free, speech be free, the right of assembly be free and the right to air views be free, rather than that they be uttered in fear and trembling.
>
> A free people must have a free press, and must have the right to speak freely their thoughts.

After this massacre, judges in Ohio, and elsewhere, for that matter, are going to think twice before they deny the liberties of the people in satisfaction of personal grudges.

If there is anything more ridiculous in this "land of the free and home of the brave" than the periodical "red scares" which sweep our cities and frighten our police departments out of their wits (assuming that they have any wits!) we do not happen to know what it is. New York is a beautiful example of the absurdity we have in mind. In that vast metropolitan center of some six million and more inhabitants, there are some eighteen thousand members of the Communist Party. These members have friends and sympathizers, so that it may be assumed for the sake of argument that there are perhaps one hundred thousand Communists or near-Communists in the city. Of these, a large proportion are children or immature youths. Every now and then these Communists announce that they are to hold a meeting, or stage a parade, or wait upon the Mayor. Then what a time! Thousands of police are instantly mobilized. Armored cars and tanks are placed at strategic points near the City Hall or in the parks. Tear bombs and gas bombs are gathered for instant use. Patrol wagons and ambulances line the curb. Women and children are ordered off of the streets. The Mayor issues a proclamation, declaring in trembling tones that he will stand for no nonsense. Newspapers scream with terror in headlines that can be read a block. If an invading army were marching on the city from a foreign land, alarm could not be greater nor preparations for defense more elaborate. Then, at the appointed time and place, a forlorn little group of half-nourished Communists appears, and the police break loose. Riot and confusion are everywhere. With much kicking and clubbing, head-breaking and blood-shedding, the Communists are scattered—and the country is safe! Could anything be more ridiculous? Could anything more perfectly please the Communists? We ourselves have seen them laughing themselves half to death at the way they can pull the strings and make the police department of a great city dance. Playing their game!—and our civic authorities haven't got brains enough to see it!

We never witness a "red scare" of this kind but what we wish we could be mayor for a day. We would issue a proclamation—but it would be a different proclamation! We would say to the Communists: "Fellow-citizens, we hear that you are preparing a demonstration in protest against prevailing unemployment. We congratulate you and thank you. This is a high public service. We wish that Democrats and Republicans would stage demonstrations of the same kind. Democracy not only permits but encourages agitation against injustice and oppression. Unemployment is a monstrous evil. Lift up your voices against it, and against public officials who do nothing about it. There are places appointed in this city, great squares and open spaces, where you may assemble to speak your grievances. The parks are always yours, as they are all the people's. The City Hall is a natural and proper assembling place. Come here whenever you want to. We should like to receive your petitions and listen to your

complaints. If you will inform the police department where you propose to go, we will have ten or a dozen officers on hand to keep order and protect you in the exercise of your rights. We should prefer not to bother you with police, but there are always stupid and excitable persons in the community who want nobody to talk but themselves, and we don't propose that you shall be interrupted or disturbed by such bigots. Greetings, and good wishes!" This would be our proclamation. If such a word were issued, we know what would happen. There would be no rioting and disorder for one thing. But, more than this, there would be no demonstration. The Communists would be so discouraged that they would give up their meetings. For they are not interested in agitating in quiet and orderly fashion against unemployment or any other evil. They are interested only in making trouble. And you can't make trouble if the other fellow won't play!

The calibre of the Coolidge mind is beautifully shown in the choice of the eight most important events in American history which he is to inscribe in five hundred words on the face of Mount Rushmore, in South Dakota. The events which the ex-President has selected are (1) the Declaration of Independence, (2) the Constitution, (3) the Louisiana Purchase, (4) the admission of Texas, (5) the Oregon Boundary settlement, (6) the admission of California, (7) the end of the Civil War, and (8) the completion of the Panama Canal. On the first two of these events, of course, there would be universal agreement. But what about the others? What are they all but extensions of territory, growth in size and power, instances of imperial grandeur and military victory? Devoid of all consciousness of spiritual things, empty of dreams and visions of the soul, Mr. Coolidge can apparently think of the history of his native land only in terms of material progress. Is there nothing else of a different kind worth considering or recording? The Baltimore *Sun* makes some interesting suggestions—the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, the Bill of Rights, the Dartmouth College Case, the election of Andrew Jackson, the Dred Scott decision, the Thirteenth Amendment and the Nineteenth Amendment. We feel like adding some others. What about Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," or Emerson's "Essays," or Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"? Are not great works of literature at least as important and memorable as the admission of California into the Union as the fruit of the Mexican War? And what about inventions—Fulton's steamboat, Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, Eli Howe's sewing-machine, Edison's electric light, or even Ford's car? Have not these changed the face not merely of the nation but of the world? And what about religion? Do Channing and Parker mean nothing in the life of this republic, or Horace Bushnell, or Phillips Brooks? Mr. Coolidge was brought up in the old school of history, which emphasized only war, territory, and power. The new school of history sees other and deeper values.

William Howard Taft

William Howard Taft, dead on March 8th, was the most genial and lovable of men. He was also one of the most unfortunate of men. By a sort of fate, determined by birth, training and potent influence, he was early destined for the highest political offices in the nation. He attained all of them, and filled none of them. Unusual opportunity was matched by unusual incapacity.

I

Mr. Taft's four years as President of the United States revealed the man. Constituting the most pathetic period of political leadership since the administration of James Buchanan, they ended in one of the major political disasters of the country's history. When, in the triangular contest with Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, Mr. Taft won the electoral votes only of Utah and Vermont, he retired from office stripped of everything save the abounding good nature which concealed as a cloak his forlorn humiliation, and the sterling character which knew no blemish. Mr. Taft had his noblest moment in the hour of his direst defeat.

Up to this tragic collapse of his career, things had been easy and happy for Mr. Taft. The son of a distinguished and influential father, he was born to the political purple in a state which was the breeding ground of presidents. In the Taft family he was the favorite and favored son. In his political youth, he was the "teacher's pet," and thus given every opportunity of advancement. At a critical moment in his progress came the amazing and amusing friendship of Theodore Roosevelt, who boosted him along with huge enjoyment of his abundant patronage, as the bully of the school-yard boosts along some easy, amiable and adoring lad who flatters his pride and runs his errands. From his earliest years Mr. Taft was the victim of other and stronger men who sheltered him, shoved him, and shared with him. Such relationship could not have begun, had not the jovial young man possessed qualities of personal attraction which made him lovable. Such relationship could not have continued, had not this same young man developed qualities of personal acquiesence which made him useful. He was the faithful retainer as he was the companionable friend.

A change came with his elevation to the Presidency. Since he was at the top, he was now alone.

For the first time in his life there was nobody to shelter him, advise him, give him orders. Like a little boy abandoned suddenly upon a crowded street, he looked around for familiar faces and guiding hands, but they were not there. Even the beloved Theodore, who might have been the Warwick behind the throne, had disappeared in distant Africa. There followed a period of desperate confusion, in which the country was diverted by such exhibitions of floundering wits as the immortal Winona speech. Rescue came, however, at the hands of men who saw their chance and what they could do with it. Like a band of kidnappers, they seized this lost President, and straightway appropriated him for their own uses. History will not soon forget the Ballinger affair and what it revealed of Mr. Taft. Not a taint of corruption! Mr. Taft had a native integrity which was as rugged as the New England stock from which he sprang. Furthermore, he was too innocent to recognize offense. He simply knew that he had found some men who were friendly, and strong, and helpful, and could tell him exactly what to do. And he sank back as contentedly under the protection of these men as a child in his father's arms. Unknown to himself, he became one of the laziest of presidents. His unscrupulous advisors were glad to be left alone, and he was glad to leave them alone. He ate heartily, played with a little gentlemanly exercise on the golf-links, and slept much. Who can ever forget the story of the man who came to see Mr. Taft in the White House at an appointment hour after luncheon, only to find him slumbering peacefully in a darkened corner of the room, with the ever-faithful "Archie" Butt feeding records into a talking-machine, to beguile and soothe his chief!

There came a rude awakening, however, with the return of Roosevelt from Africa. The moment Theodore saw what had been done, he was wild with wrath. His successor had betrayed him, his friend had done him wrong! All the work of one of the most active and progressive administrations in American history was in imminent danger of being undone forever! More furiously than he had ever charged up the slopes of San Juan hill, the outraged Rough Rider now charged across the White House green. And the most beautiful friendship in American politics was broken, and the fiercest feud began.

For Mr. Taft was as fierce as his assailant. He was angry, desperately angry, brutally angry—angry as only an amiable man can be angry when he loses his temper. The roars of the President were like the roars of the bull of Bashan. They shook the astonished electorate with dismay, then with amusement, then with pity. Here was an exciting spectacle—but a sad one before it got through. For Mr. Roosevelt was belaboring his former friend for being disloyal, and Mr. Taft knew he had not been disloyal. On the contrary, he had been loyal to everybody all his life. To be loyal was his code of honor just because it was his basis of survival. If Roosevelt's successors, when he went so far away, were unworthy men, how could he (Taft) know it? Why had not Roosevelt stood by, and helped him in this office into which he himself had flung him? In Theodore's absence he had done the best he could, found friends where they were available. He was guiltless, and therefore, at Roosevelt's onslaught, outraged. As the unhappy days of 1912 wore on, it became evident that Mr. Taft had not the slightest idea what it was all about. As the years have passed since his overwhelming defeat, it has become evident that, as President, Mr. Taft had not the slightest idea what it was all about. With nobody to guide him amid the vast confusions and enormous responsibilities of the presidential office, he was as lost as any traveler amid the blind entanglements of the wilderness, and thus fell easy victim to the first band of brigands that came along. Like a compass-neeedle which has lost the pull of the pole, he fluttered, wabbled, wavered, until caught at last by the casual attraction of an alien force. That this pointed him to wrong courses, and threatened to wreck the ship of state, he did not know. And never knew! To his dying day, his memory of the Presidency was as a dream of a dazed and frightened mind.

II

It is to many persons a source of wonder that a man who was so ignominious a failure as President, should have made not a great, but on the whole, so excellent a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Early in his career, Mr. Taft showed a fondness and faculty for the law. The happiest years of his life, perhaps, were his successful years as a federal judge. He left the bench reluctantly, and undoubtedly in his heart with misgivings, when ordered to go to the Philippine Islands as Governor-General. He didn't want to go, but went because it was his habit to do what he was told. After the storms of politics were over, he must have retired with infinite satisfaction to the quiet shades of Yale, there to teach the law. And it must have been a bit like entering into heaven after escaping from hell, when he answered President Harding's summons to the Supreme Bench in Washington. There he was happy, and as efficient as it was possible for him to be. And the reason is not far to seek!

In the law, especially in a judgeship, Mr. Taft had the shelter and protection, the guide and stay, without which he could not live, or even function. What he found outside in the friendship of men bigger and bolder than himself, he found inside in the powers, prerogatives and precedents of the court. To certain men these are as the bars of a prison; and only great men, of the Holmes and Brandeis type, can wrest them from their fastenings in the hardened

cement of custom and convention, and lift them as weapons for the liberation of mankind. Taft was no such Titan of intellect and spirit. These bars of his prison were a welcome barrier. They staked the limits of his initiative. They marked the narrow course of his movements, right and left. They answered questions, and settled problems, and located authority. During all his political life he had been heeding the voices of friends and mentors, and doing what they said, and in the end had been misled. Now, in his judicial life, he need only heed the great voices of the past—august judges who through the dim vistas of the centuries spoke in solemn words which still were clearly heard. Without worry he would be led aright, for the law, once established, is infallible. Such life is sweet. It suited perfectly the dull, dependent mind, the acquiescent, obedient spirit of Mr. Taft. After much voyaging over seas he was never built to sail, he had returned to a welcome haven!

III

Mr. Taft had all the virtues of the lazy, easy-going, self-indulgent type of man. He was genial, jovial, companionable. He loved his family and adored his friends. He liked the table and abundant food, an easy chair and a warm fire. He enjoyed a good story, and amused himself and others with a contagious laugh. He hated exertion, as much of his mind as of his body. He shrank from initiative, and thus was glad to take things as they are. He found it the easiest way to follow, not to lead. Petted all his life, he craved protection, and gratefully gave loyalty and devotion in return. Neglected or thwarted, he became angry because frightened. He had to be pampered if he was to be amiable. Like a spoiled child, he was wilful just because at bottom he had no will.

IV

Mr. Taft was a common man who was propelled into uncommon offices. This was his tragedy! For the inadequacy of his talents and character led him into incredible blunders, and hurled him at last into dire disaster. It is the fault of democracy that it does not measure men for its jobs. Democracy pays heavily for the fault. So do men!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

Traffic, *traffic,* TRAFFIC! Every paper filled with it, every town and city in despair over it. Yet nobody ever seems to think that a little repose in life, a little less hurrying and scurrying about, and a little more content with staying where you are, would solve the whole problem. Why must everybody always be going somewhere? That's a riddle worth pondering!

It is hard to get a smile out of the religious situation in Soviet Russia. But the spectacle of an intolerant churchman like Bishop Manning, of New York, leading an agitation against persecutions, is good for one smile, at least.

Challenged to name "the greatest men in the world" today, John Cowper Powys put Charlie Chaplin at the head of the list. He then followed with Einstein and Oswald Spengler. The naming of Chaplin seems to us as inexplicable as the omission of Gandhi.

Harry Laidler, Vice-President of the National Bureau of Economic Research, states that in four major industries in the United States, during the past eight years, 2,300,000 workers have been eliminated by new machinery. This undoubtedly is progress, but it enters deep into the problem of unemployment.

Gen. W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is opposed to the 18th Amendment. He thinks Prohibition is wrong. Yet the following is a rule ("Rule G") which has been in force on his railroad for more than forty-four years:

> The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is *prohibited.* Their use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal.

Out in Arizona recently there were discovered the skeletons of a Phytosaurus, a Allosaurus, and a Labyrinthodon. If names mean anything, these prehistoric animals must have been frightful monsters.

J. H. H.

The Man With a Burden

Last summer as brickmason's flunky
  This sight gave me cause to reflect
That the worker (Yes, "nigger" and "hunky"!)
  In one case received some respect.

For wheeling a barrow of stone or
  Bearing a shoulder of lath,
The foreman, contractor and owner
  Would step from his path.

And this seemed to me like an omen
  Of the splendid not far distant day
When the workers of earth, man and woman,
  Shall have right of way.

So room for the man with a burden!
  Weighed not with jewels and rings
But with a wealthier guerdon—
  The load which betokens earth's kings.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Another Religious War?

Some weeks ago the Pope startled the world by proposing to the entire Christian Church a campaign of prayer aimed at the Soviet Government. He appealed to "the whole Christian world to unite on the same day (March 19) in our supplications in certainty that divine providence will supply the means to remedy the destruction, moral and spiritual, in these vast regions which constitute a sixth part of the whole extent of the earth."

A few days later the English Church, led by its two Archbishops, championed the same cause with a slight change of date. One of these prelates stated that

> I am taking steps to have a careful inquiry made into the present facts about religious persecution in Russia, and unless there is evidence of real improvement I may feel bound to deal with the matter in Parliament, not as a matter of politics, but as a matter which concerns the *honor** of a Christian people and the demands of our common civilization.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is quoted as having said:

> Let it (the Soviet Government) take note that a strong public opinion is arising, shared by persons of every class, party, and creed, which will insist that satisfactory diplomatic relations must depend not on material advantages only, but also and even more on the common acceptance of those principles of justice, liberty and humanity which are the basis of all international intercourse.

Each House of Bishops at the recent Convocations passed a resolution which contained the statement:

> If the Soviet Government desires diplomatic relations with this country to be maintained it must observe the principles of a just and humane civilization.

This was too much for the Lower House of York and in place of the sentence just quoted, it urged upon the British Government "the necessity of taking every suitable step to influence the Soviet Government" against religious persecution. The Bishop of Durham in moving the resolution in the Convocation of York said that "the attack on Christianity which Russia was now disclosing, constituted the most formidable menace to the civilized world, as well to its peace as to its vital principles." "Politics," "Honor," "The peace of the world!" Do these words suggest how hard it is for the Christian mind to divorce itself from martial concepts?

At this moment tidings come from America of "a rapidly moving avalanche of protests against the alleged religious persecution in Soviet Russia which has descended upon official Washington from many sources." From the annual convention of the Alliance of Reformed Churches the declaration of no less a leader than the President of Princeton Seminary regarding Russia is quoted by the New York *Herald* as follows:

> Not only public religious services are hampered by every possible restriction, but family worship is banned, and, indeed family life itself has passed into history.

A few days ago the Patriarch of Moscow cited Bishop Longley, of Iowa, as declaring "people also must not hesitate, even before sanguinary struggles."

The Manchester *Guardian Weekly* reports that in Paris, which with Riga and Berlin for years have served as centers for false reports concerning the Soviet Union, no secret is made that the present objective of the anti-Russian campaign in its religious phase is the severance of diplomatic relations while the ultimate goal is the overthrow by arms of the Soviet Government.

At this juncture the Manchester *Guardian,* which the world over is recognized as preeminently motivated by the truth complex, has been moved to set at work its organization to ferret out the exact facts relative to religious persecution in Russia. It finds, first, that prominent in this movement are a number of men "who have been active in political hostility to the present Government of Russia." Despite the protestations of the English Archbishops the very atmosphere of the two recent Convocations was charged with the veiled threat of political action. Again the *Guardian,*

> There is no evidence that the Bolsheviks are doing more now to discourage religion in Russia than they have done in the past, and it is difficult not to suspect that persons whose interests are more political than religious have set themselves to make use of the Church.

As to the facts of alleged present persecution in the Soviet Union the testimony of the Acting Patriarch Sergius of the Russian Orthodox Church is direct and explicit. "There remain 30,000 religious communities in Russia, with one or more priests for each," and "163 archbishops in canonical submission to him;" "abolition of Sundays and holidays has only slightly affected church attendance;" "millions of active church goers are working people, enjoying all their rights, including franchise." "They support us materially and we do not need any kind of assistance, and especially no foreign interference." These utterances were at once denounced outside Russia as forced from the Patriarch by the Government, but at an interview between the Metropolitan and foreign press representatives Sergius solemnly reiterated them and declared them to be his convictions.

The Paris correspondent of the *Guardian* reports an interview with Monsignor Evlogi, the Metropolitan of the Russian Church in western Europe, to whom the interviewer showed a statement in the *Morning Post* detailing horrible atrocities committed upon priests. The statement was translated to him, paragraph by paragraph, and at the close of each he was asked whether he could confirm the alleged outrages. He replied that the only case cited of which he knew anything concerned the Archbishop of Perm who was murdered by a mob of factory workers in *1918.* The reporter adds

> He had no information at all about the other cases, and *if the events described have occurred he did not think that they were of recent date.* Monsignor Evlogi said that there had been cases of this sort in the early days of the Revolution, but they had been much less frequent of late years.

Persons conversant with the Russian situation point out that the churches closed have been those deserted by the people and no longer needed for worship, that "counter-revolutionary priests abroad have evidently worked hard in exhuming atrocity stories from the war archives," that the Soviet authorities "fight religion by education and propaganda and not by the methods of the medieval inquisition." "Tens of thousands of churches of all denominations function in the U. S. S. R. and priests who refrain from counter-revolutionary activities are allowed to conduct religious services unmolested." As for the suppression of bell-ringing, if that paradisiac feat can be laid to the door

*All italics in this article the writer's.

of the Soviet Union, everyone acquainted with the clanging jargon of olden Russia can have but one exclamation, "So let the Lord be thankit."

As to the assertion of the President of Princeton Theological Seminary that in Russia "family life itself has passed into history," it may be pertinent to note that a recent book issued in Russia and advocating the "nationalization of children" was subjected to a scorching review by Madame Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, who maintains that "since children will cease to be an economic burden under Socialism, new and more beautiful relations will be established between parent and child. Parental feelings will not be suppressed. They will be directed in new channels giving even more happiness both to children and their parents." According to this noble woman, whose work in Sovietdom constitutes a notable public service, the home and parental and child life, instead of being sacrificed under the Communist regime are to be safeguarded and developed into ever more beautiful forms.

Enough has been said to show the complexity of the problem involved in the appeal of Rome and other Christian communions for a united movement of protest against the Soviet Union's attitude toward religion. Is it not clear that a halt should be called? With Europe and America armed for war as never before in history, the slightest spark may precipitate an explosion of physical conflict the like of which no one has begun to dream. During the twelve years existence of the Soviet Union all sorts of pressure has been exerted to move the rest of the world to warfare against Russia. These attempts having failed, as a last resort religious hysteria, the most deadly explosive known to men, is being fooled with. Do the religious leaders who are being worked upon know what they are handling when they attempt to mobilize the prayers of all the other nations against the long suffering Russian people?

Should not we Americans then hold ourselves entirely aloof from this latest outburst of hatred against Russia, voiced under the sacred name of a call to prayer? What more ghastly travesty upon the true spirit of prayer than this can be found in all history! Let Rome think back to the days of the Inquisition; let Protestants recall the atrocities under Henry VIII and Cromwell. Let France return a short generation to her dismantling of religious orders, and let every Puritan American remember our own persecutions of Baptist and Quaker. Aye, nor is it a far cry for Britain to Amritsar, or for the United States to Haiti and Nicaragua. Where will any so-called Christian nation stand in the searching presence of that word of Jesus, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her?"

Is it possible to imagine any more insidious foe of the slowly developing family life of humankind than the subtle complex of superiority and its coincident stirring of religious (?) passion underlying this summons to world-wide prayer, a transaction that presumes to convict one of earth's greatest nations after absolutely no adequate, scientific inquiry as to what is really transpiring in that mighty conglomerate of nationalities, religions and tongues known as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?

Alas! if only our United States had recognized the Soviet Union in 1917, what a different story the post-bellum years would have told! There was one way and only one way in which we could mightily and for the highest human welfare have influenced the story of the Russian Revolution. That was, as Raymond Robins at the time pointed out, by showing ourselves as a friend of the youthful state and by welcoming it into the family of nations. That good day passed forever.

But this does not mean that another day has not brought us equally great opportunity to render incalculable service to our neighbor power. At this moment the cable has presented us with a graphic picture of the might of friendship in international relations—the release from confinement of nine Jewish Rabbis, not at the request of Pope or English church convocations or united voice of Christendom, but through the power of a single man of goodwill, Senator Borah, no advocate of Communism, but a dyed-in-the-wool democrat and apostle of free press, free speech, free thought, who for years has championed the brother treatment of the Soviet Union. A simple word of friendly counsel accomplished the impossible. Is it not time for the Christian church to keep quiet about atrocities and begin to act toward our great sister nation as Jesus would do?

Cannes, France. DOREMUS SCUDDER.

"Moving Out" from the Ranks in Russia

In the textile district of Ivanovo, from which I have just returned, 1,200 women have in the past year and a half been taken direct from loom and spindle or from some other kind of production, and given responsible jobs in administration of government, social work or business. This is part of the general policy of "moving out" workers, adopted as one means of securing the directing staff needed in Russia's rapidly expanding industrial and governmental life.

During the same period a somewhat larger number of men in this district were also "moved out" from factory jobs to responsible posts. But the case of the women is more spectacular, for textile working women have always, in all lands, been backward in intellectual development. In Russia, eight years ago, only a handful of textile-working women could read.

Today a former textile worker is president of the Children's Commission of the "oblast," an economic district comprising four former provinces; her task covers all welfare work for homeless children. Another is director of the Social Welfare Department of the oblast. A former spinner is the associate mayor of the city Ivanovo, with a population of nearly 200,000. Another is head of the city Department of Labor.

A former weaver has been "moved out" to be head of the Department on Labor Economics of all district industries. Still another is a member of the District Court. Another former weaver is manager of all the cash deposits of the branches of the State Bank in the oblast. Others are presidents of district trade unions,—those of Food Workers and Clothing Workers. The manager of the Factory Kitchen of Ivanovo,

a great central establishment cooking 17,000 dinners daily and sending them out to more than a dozen factories, is a former weaver, and her waitresses, some of whom are former fellow-workers, still address her with the familiar "thee." Two women are presidents of local town councils in towns of 40,000 population in this district.

This "moving out" is one of the ways in which Russia tries to meet the accelerating demand for managerial ability, which the rapid increase of her whole industrial and social establishment is bringing. There are also other methods of meeting this problem; the various technical schools, for instance, are being greatly expanded, and are ordered to produce definite numbers of needed specialists per year. But for such specialists long training is needed, and the young graduate may not even then fit into industry. The "moving out" of workers offers a swifter if not always certain route.

It is not done haphazard. The committee in charge of such matters approaches the State Bank, the Cooperatives, the various departments of industry and government, and asks how many "moved out" persons they can assimilate. If they refuse to take a fair quota they are suspect; what bureaucratism and holding to old traditions is the matter? It is everyone's duty to assimilate and train this new blood. There is at present a "cleaning" going on in government departments, to get rid of bureaucrats and loafers; many of the places thus vacated are filled by the promoted workers.

The list of vacant posts is next given to factory committees, who sift their lists of employees for those who have shown ability in the line mentioned. One, perhaps, has done volunteer collecting of union dues, and his bookkeeping is swift and thorough. Another is a constant contributor to the Factory Newspaper and shows a keen critical knowledge of production defects. These are recommended, the first for a job in the bank and the other, perhaps for a post in the state labor department, or the state industries.

A director of one of the largest trusts in Russia (one of the largest in the world in fact) said to me yesterday: "I am taking into my office two 'moved out' workers. I specify what I want; we are getting much more specific than at first in these matters. I want a skilled metal-worker, not under thirty nor over thirty-five years, of orderly mind, who can read blueprints. I want him to take charge of the files where we keep all designs of machinery; he must also make production graphs for me, so that I can give reports quickly, not in figures but in graphs. The graphs I'll teach him in a week, if he already knows some mathematics."

When the workers are selected for these posts by their shop-committees, they must then be approved by a mass-meeting of their fellow workers,—a formal procedure usually, but one which sometimes unearths undesirable qualities and bars a candidate. Then they are sent to special schools, usually for short courses of a few months, where they study full time, with wages continued. After this they enter their new job.

The rise of men from manual jobs to commanding posts is not novel in America, though we have never handled it in such an aggressive, organized fashion. But in Europe it is very rare, and in the Russia of old days, still rarer. The further east one goes across Europe, the wider grows the gulf between "those who know" and "those who do." The old Russian engineer not only disdained to soil his hands with the actual touch of machinery; he disdained even to admit the ability to touch machinery effectively. This was for "technicians," a lower class of assistant. His high job was theory and drawing of plans.

In a hospital run by American Quakers in East Poland, a Polish nurse engaged during an emergency epidemic, said disdainfully: "I am here to watch the patients, not to wash them." Her task, as she saw it, was the lazy, if skilled, recording of temperatures; all dirty physical work fell to the lot of illiterate peasant serving maids.

American engineers, for this reason, are today much welcomed in Russia by the workers under them and the government over them, though their colleague engineers often make their lives miserable. For Americans do not disdain to put their own hands on dirty machinery and help lift it; they will be the extra man needed in pushing a load into place; they will show methods by doing the work first themselves. All of which the dictatorship of the proletariat thinks "great stuff," quite in line with their own theories.

The resentment which Russian civil servants and engineers, trained in the old manner, felt towards the new workers "moved out" from the factories, can well be imagined. They put all manner of obstacles in their way, refuse them information, try to freeze them out generally. In this they often seal their own doom, for a watchful government is interested, not only in the quantitative increase of responsible personnel, but in the infusion of just this type of "new blood" produced by practical work in factories, where men have obtained approval of both their superiors and their fellows.

Drastic punishment often follows, sometimes very unjustly, the refusal of a boss to give adequate instruction to the "moved out" personnel. Not long since the head of the production departments of the Moscow schools (the watch-making, book-binding, carpentry and other workshops, which both instruct and produce for the market) was expelled from both his job and his membership in the Communist Party, chiefly on the complaint of two of these promoted workers that he gave them no attention. He has appealed from the decision, saying that he was overwhelmed with work and could not always take time for them. The case is still pending.

A woman of my acquaintance, handling homeless children, and often working without rest for a month on end, told me how she was awakened at one in the morning by two of the new additions to her staff, who wanted detailed advice how to go about the task they had been set. They were leaving on an early train for a neighboring city to inspect children's homes, and wanted full instructions how to do it.

"My God, couldn't you come earlier?" cried the driven executive. To which they answered casually that they had been busy. "So I had to get up and give them an hour," she told me, "or they would have reported that I was aloof, and gave them no help or instruction." This tyranny of the new assistant over the boss is the other side of the picture.

It is not expected that all these new workers will

make good. No doubt if Russia could await the old methods of individual promotion, she might get leaders with less wear and tear. But Russia cannot wait; she grows too rapidly. She never had many good managers of her own nationality even in the old days; she depended on foreigners. Now she must train her own executives and specialists, and speedily. The method of moving out workers by approval of their fellows and their bosses, giving them special courses and throwing them into hard jobs, may cause much strain and many failures, but seems perhaps as swift and effective a means as could be used, to get the practical new blood needed.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

The Study Table

Uncompromising Pacifism

Strictly speaking "Good-bye To All That"* is not a war book but an autobiography; a bright and manly rehearsal of the author's thirty-three years of life into which the war came as a tremendous episode. Its war narrative is on that account the more telling, and it is the war narrative which concerns us.

The style and spirit of the narrator creates a quick impression of *truthfulness*. The author says that though his mother (who was a religious woman) had difficulty in explaining to him as a boy why God permitted wars, she impressed upon him the maxim: "speak the truth and shame the devil." One of his ancestors (whose "History of the Popes" is the subject of one of Macaulay's brilliant essays), was a writer of history who scandalized churchmen by avowing that he was a historian before he was a Christian—meaning, I take it, that historical accuracy was more important than religious orthodoxy. In like manner we may say that his descendant Robert Graves is a historian before he is a Christian, or a patriot, or a soldier. He will speak the truth and shame the politicians, editors, generals, preachers, the villainous old men who made the war, and the frenzied women of every age who carried it on; for all these taken collectively make up what we call the devil.

Added to truthfulness of spirit I mark *realism* of style as the writer's gift to an extraordinary degree. He has the observer's eye for seeing a thing as it is, and the logician's mind for marking it down in its relations. He sets down men and acts and events with stark sincerity, without emotion or comment or (what Lowell calls) "fig leaves for the naked truth." 'There!—I hear him say—"read that; here is the man just as he was; here is the thing just as it happened; take it or leave it, do what you like about it."

There is only one limit to this realistic truth-speaking, and that is the law of libel, against which the author's courageous publisher has had to be on his guard. Recall the legal maxim: "The greater the truth the greater the libel": and when you have seen Satan's invisible world displayed in ghastly panorama, when you have looked down into, or waded through, a pit of infamy and misery unparallelled in the long story of human martyrdom, you may pause and consider that beneath the lowest deep a lower deep still may open wide disclosing more mud, blood and filth, more lice and rats, more murderous blundering, more drunkenness and harlotry, more disease and mutilation, more massacre, madness and suicide. But let us not stand considering too long, lest we also go mad—melancholy mad. And I know no sanative like *action*. We can, for example step down to the War Office, clench our fist, and mutter through our teeth: "Never again!"

It was not alone the natural genius of a literary man that made this story. Its grim realism is due mostly to the conditions of the things themselves. As the writer says in one of his flashing sentences: "It seemed as though the emotion-recording apparatus had failed after Loos" (p. 363). It is a psychological fact that the human emotion-recording apparatus has a limit. Up to a point one feels acutely and expresses oneself forcibly, but with too great compression words fail, feeling exhausts itself, the soul is indurated by its very suffering as if sheltering beneath a protective callosity, resentment itself is crushed by its load of misery, and the victim sinks into a condition of inertness and passivity where the very desire to resist injury is no longer felt. The alternative is for the emotion-recording apparatus to find a new vehicle of expression, and if it succeeds it will save the victim from collapse or suffocation. In this psychological fact probably lies the explanation (and part justification) of the appalling profanity, obscenity, lewdness and blasphemy of trench language. Orthodox vocabulary is inadequate.

It is certain that this book will be as a strong and pungent leek for military masquerades to swallow; but swallow it they must, though the air of the clubs in Whitehall may be blue and those in Pall Mall red with execrations. In earlier days Authority might have intervened between publisher and public, but the books of Barbusse, Remarque, Sassoon, and a dozen others have so far affected the public mind that they are prepared for the latest and most realistic of all, and the powers that be will have to let it go on its flaming way.

As Mr. Graves makes no attempt to emphasize the horrors and miseries of the war, but just states the facts in his realistic way, so he sets down without comment or exclamation marks the duplicities of politicians, the lies of editors, and the perjuries of propagandists. Just as when at the front he found the scraped clean skeletons of human bodies that had been devoured by rats he (p. 183) merely writes it down and leaves it, so when wounded home he vents no curses on the war-mongers who, as he now discovers, had deceived a too trustful nation, and driven its manhood into the trenches by guile. I seem to feel back of his rigid self-restraint a part sick, part savage, part contemptuous resentment of the trickery which precipitated a million men into hell:

> I entirely believed that France and England had been drawn into a war which they had never contemplated and for which they were entirely unprepared. It never occurred to me that newspapers and statesmen could lie. . . . I was ready to believe the worst of the Germans. . . . It was here that I first heard that there was another side to the question of war guilt (pp. 99,307). He meets a number of young writers "none of whom now believed in the war" (p. 307).

While still at home on sick leave he has a letter from his friend Siegfried Sassoon at the front who digs at the complacent and perfectly* people who thought the war ought to go on indefinitely until everyone was killed except themselves

*"Good-Bye to All That," by Robert Graves. Published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York.

. . . . how mad it made him to think of all the good men being slaughtered that summer, and all for nothing. The* politicians and ditto generals with their cursed incompetent blundering and callous ideas would go on until they were tired of it or had got all the kudos they wanted. The politicians seemed to him incapable of behaving like human beings . . . What do you think of the latest push? How splendid this attrition is! This recalls a remark of Lord Carson's: "The necessary supply of heroes must be maintained at all costs" (pp. 317, 318, 323, 330).

Siegfried Sassoon got in his brave protest at last. (see his letter to the war authorities p. 321). In point of fact the *home-feeling* surprised, disappointed, and disgusted Robert Graves more than did the perils and wretchedness of the trenches:

The returned soldier "could not understand the war-madness . . Everyone talked . . . newspaper language . . . serious conversation with my parents all but impossible" (p. 283).

It was a time of food shortage, but the dining-room of the golf club house was always full, and the table well-laden (p. 291). The government had been offered peace terms in 1915, but had rejected them. The war was now

merely a sacrifice of the idealistic younger generation to the stupidity and self-protective alarm of the elder. Suppose the young Davids were to conscript the old Goliaths? (p. 288). So, I could not stand England any longer, I'm leaving this place; it's worse than France. (pp. 290, 296).

The *patriotism* of the trenches was vastly different from that of the home-land. Patriots in fact had been transformed into cynics:

There was no patriotism in the trenches . . . rejected as fit only for civilians. A new arrival who talked patriotism would soon be told to cut it out . . . But he never underrated the German as a soldier. Newspaper libels on Fritz's courage and efficiency were resented by all trench soldiers of experience (p. 240).

When the war was over a curious reversal of sentiment was noticeable, from Pro-French to Pro-German.

Anti-French feeling among most ex-soldiers amounted to almost an obsession. . . . Pro-German feeling was increasing. Now that the war was over and the German armies had been beaten, it was possible to give the German soldier credit for being the best fighting man in Europe. I often heard it said that it was only the blockade that had beaten them; that in Haig's last push they never really broke. . . . And even that we had been fighting on the wrong side; our natural enemies were the French (363).

After patriotism, the *religion* of the trenches naturally comes under review, and the narrator presents the wholesome truth:

It was said that not one soldier in a hundred was inspired by religious feeling of even the crudest kind. It would have been difficult to remain religious in the trenches though one had survived the irreligion of the training battalion at home. . . . For the regimental chaplains as a body we had no respect. . . . Occasionally on a quiet day in a quiet sector the chaplain would make a daring afternoon visit to the support line and distribute a few cigarettes, and that was all. But he was always in evidence back in rest-billets. . . . Anglican chaplains were remarkably out of touch with their troops. . . . The Catholic padre . . . told them that if they died fighting for the good cause they would go straight to heaven, or at any rate would be excused a great many years in Purgatory (pp. 241-3).

The fighting man seems to stand out in manly and decent contrast to the preaching-man and his nurslings at home. Recruiting, says Mr. Graves, was slow in Wales, till Lloyd George persuaded the Welsh chapels that the war was a crusade, when a tremendous influx of Welshmen into the army followed (p. 115). Some of us were perhaps in a better position to know than was even Mr. Graves. Shall we ever forget the Peter-the-Hermit lying that rolled over the country like a flood during war-time, submerging Truth and stopping the mouths that dared to speak it? Nor even in peace time has the pulpit plucked up moral courage to speak the ugly truth that, even though it bruised the souls of bereaved pew-holders, might save the world from the next worse holocaust. Even till now it continues to gloze the blood-stained monster with sentimental falsehoods that cover its vileness and its sin with a veneer of nobility, high-mindedness, selflessness, yea of holiness that is the very best preparative for the next beautiful display of self-sacrifice and calvaryism (as it will be represented) to which a blundering, incompetent, and homicidal government may again summon the nation's youth. For the sake of anodyne to the sore hearts of bereaved relatives, war must continue to be invested with a false glamour of glory and heroism, and its deceived, betrayed and degraded victims to be presented as saints and heroes in spite of the home records of many, and the shocking facts associated with their sojourn at the front. I think Robert Graves would take much the same view of the existing situation, for this is how he utilized at least one opportunity he had of proclaiming the truth in a home church:

I had even been asked by the rector to speak from the chancel steps of the village church at a war memorial service. He suggested that I should read poems about the war. Instead of Rupert Brooke on the glorious dead, I read some of the more painful poems of Sassoon and Wilfred Owen about men dying of gas-poisonings and about buttocks of corpses bulging from the mud. . . . The church party was scandalized. . . . The ex-service men . . . though obeying the King's desire to wear their campaigning medals, kept them buttoned up inside their coats (pp. 399-400).

The history of religion is crowded with instances of religious fanaticism which worked up its devotees into such frenzy that they cut and wounded, maimed and emasculated themselves, without at the time feeling the pain of their dervish-dance immolations. The same fanatical intoxication caused others to commit their children to the burning altar of Baal or the furnace-palms of Moloch. A similar patriotic delirium appears to be excited by the trumpet and the bugle and the call to arms. Perhaps women, more than men, are liable to this form of sacrificial inebriation; for they will (by proxy) wound and mutilate, butcher and slay at the altar of Mars that which is dearer to them than their own lives. Read the letter of "A Little Mother" reproduced by Mr. Graves from *The Morning Post*—a letter which was commended by royalty, backed by the authorities (who just as anxiously smothered up Siegfried Sassoon's manifesto of protest), and published as a small pamphlet of which seventy-five thousand were sold within the first week.

As a mother of an only child—a son . . . what the mothers of the British race think of our fighting men . . . who have to uphold the honor and traditions not only of our Empire but of the whole civilized world . . . We women will tolerate no such cry as "Peace! Peace!" . . . We only need . . . to see this monstrous world tragedy brought to a victorious ending. . . . There is only one temperature for the women of the British race, and that is white heat. With those who disgrace their sacred trust of motherhood (*sic*) we have nothing in common. . . . We women pass on the human ammunition of "only sons" to fill up the gaps, so that when the "common soldier" looks back before going "over the top" he may see the women of the British race on his heels, reliable, dependent, uncomplaining, etc., etc., (pp. 284-286).*

The falsetto note is, of course, continuously sounded by military officialdom. When two British soldiers are shot for murdering an officer, a militarist will exclaim: "How gloriously British soldiers can die" (p. 150), while a responsible minister in the House of Commons will deny that sentence of death for a military offense had been carried out in France on any member of His Majesty's forces (p. 299). Suicide was frequent

**Note.*—Some of my friends think the famous letter smells of journalism and the pen of the propagandist.

(and its equivalent, men deliberately exposing themselves to enemy fire). The first and the last corpses he saw in France were those of suicides. But even that refuge of despair was camouflaged:

> He had taken off his boot and sock to pull the trigger of his rifle with his toe; the muzzle was in his mouth. . . . two Irish officers came up. "We've had two or three of these lately," one of them told me. Then he said to the other: "While I remember, Callaghan, don't forget to write to his next-of-kin. Usual sort of letter, cheer them up, tell them he died a soldier's death, anything you like. I'm not going to report it as suicide." (p. 142).

The whole business was so stuffed with horrors that discrimination became impossible, and comment ridiculous. But the author's heart had an ache left for the innocent suffering animals:

> Wounded men and prisoners came streaming past us. What struck me most was the number of dead horses and mules lying about; human corpses I was accustomed to, but it seemed wrong for animals to be dragged into the war like this (p. 261).

A favorite fiction of Martian priests and their hypnotized hearers ("In Quires and Places where they sing") is that war brings out the best in men, and is therefore worth while. This book is one more exposure of a pernicious lie. No one doubts that in war, as Tennyson says, many a *noble* deed is done, but also many a *base*. The average man and officer was neither saint nor hero. Some were shot for cowardice, others because their nerves gave way and they blindly ran or became babbling idiots. (See Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's poem, "His Mate"). There were many instances of brutality and—yes, atrocity. An officer has to shoot one of his men in order to compel the others to leave the shelter of their trench (p. 238). A common device was to try to get what they called a "cushy" wound; that is, one that was not likely to be fatal; just enough to get the lucky recipient sent home:

> To get a cushy one is all that the old hands think of. . . . They look forward to a battle because a battle gives more chances of a cushy one, in the legs or arms, than trench warfare! Two realistic instances given (p. 151).

Atrocities? Yes, no historian can ignore them. First, however, Mr. Graves gives a specimen of the atrocity-lie fostered to persuade Allied and American soldiers that their enemy was a monster deserving no mercy. See the story of the bells of Antwerp (p. 99). The soldiers had their own opinions which were not those of the propaganda office:

> Propaganda reports of atrocities were, we agreed, ridiculous. . . . We no longer believed accounts of unjustified German atrocities in Belgium; knowing the Belgians now at first-hand. . . . French and Belgian civilians had often tried to win our sympathy and presents by exhibiting mutilations of children —stumps of hands and feet, for instance—representing them as deliberate, fiendish atrocities when they were merely the result of shell-fire, British or French shell-fire as likely as not. We did not believe that rape was any more common on the German side of the line than on the Allied side. It was unnecessary. Of course, a bully-beef diet, fear of death, and absence of wives made ample provision of women necessary in the occupied areas. No doubt the German army authorities provided brothels in the principal French towns behind the line, as did the French on the Allied side. But the voluntary system would suffice. We did not believe stories of forcible enlistment of women. As for atrocities against soldiers, the difficulty was to say where to draw the line. . . . The most obvious opportunity was in the interval between surrender of prisoners and their arrival (or non-arrival) at headquarters. And it was an opportunity of which advantage was too often taken. . . . The conductors would report on arrival at headquarters that a German shell had killed the prisoners; no questions would be asked. We had every reason to believe that the same thing happened on the German side (pp. 234-5). Read the tales of French Turcos, a Canadian-Scot, and an Australian (pp. 236-7).

Sometimes the wounded were just finished off (pp. 174, 176). Sometimes an offer of surrender was refused; the men with hands-up were murdered (p. 247). It is obvious that the plea of "military necessity" covers any sort of deviltry.

War has always been a stupid blundering affair; Tolstoy's immense "War and Peace" showed that once for all. But modern warfare with its complicated instruments and machinery—periscopes, telegraphs, telephones, airships, chemicals, and multiplying electric devices—gets more and more out of the cleverest hand or head; becomes less and less calculable in its operations and results. The more reason why commanding officers should keep steady heads. There is no space to rehearse the wholesale massacre of disordered troops brought about by the drunkenness, incompetence, and foolish murderous tactics of officers. Read the amazing story of Loos (pp. 191-207). It is the evening before that disastrous affair:

> Everybody was drinking a lot; the subalterns were allowed whisky for a treat, and were getting rowdy . . . said to the adjutant rather drunkenly: "Charlie, do you see that silly old woman over there. Calls himself General Commanding. Doesn't know where he is; doesn't know where his division is; can't read a map properly. He's marched the poor sods off their feet and left his supplies behind, God knows where. . . . And tomorrow he's going to fight a battle. Doesn't know anything about battles; the men have never been in trenches before, and tomorrow's going to be a glorious balls-up . . . it's just like that you mark my words" (p. 194). "In many cases they (officers) became dipsomaniacs. I knew three or four officers who had worked up to the point of two bottles of whisky a day before they were lucky enough to get wounded or sent home in some other way. A two-bottle company commander of one of line battalions happens to be still alive who, in three shows running, got his company needlessly destroyed because he was no longer capable of making clear decisions" (p. 221). Read the gruesome story of the drunk storeman on pp. 197-8.

We used to speak laughingly of "Dutch courage"—meaning courage derived from a bottle of Holland schnapps. But one cannot laugh at this; it's too awful; it's too real. Were these officers and storemen sinners above all those that drank comfortably in the clubs and pubs of London? Not by any means. Men in hell need all the whisky they can swallow. God will send the bill to those who *make*—as much as those who *wage*—wars.

One thing more. I have designedly left the worst analysis of war to the last. Many years ago I wrote a book entitled "The Moral Damage of War." The *moral* damage—*that* was the consideration which afflicted me more that the physical pain and misery. From the view-point of religion, of ethics, of civilization, of decency itself, it is the degradation of man's *soul* that matters more than the destruction of his body. The author is a minor illustration; frankly owning that (for example) truth-speaking and a clean mouth had become more difficult since he had acquired the army habit (pp. 354-5). Can we wonder at the demoralization of the world since 1914?

Though I scarce know how to approach it, I dare not shirk this nauseating business, but I will let the author speak for himself as far as this platform permits. The denizens of the trenches exhibit a curious inability to discriminate between the profane, the obscene, and the blasphemous; perhaps in the region of the unholy these three are one.

The outstanding fact is that you no sooner put a man into uniform than he ceases to be a citizen, and, as a "soldier of the king," exchanges civic responsibility for military law, and the decencies of domesticity for the license of the barrack-room. Kipling long ago assured us that single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints, and the change from barracks to trenches is still less conducive to sainthood. The soldier's oath

absolves him from all others; though the man within the uniform may, and no doubt often does, hold fast to the ancient loyalties. New recruits are not even shipped away when the alarm is given by the preachers of a certain English town: "Mothers, take care of your daughters; the Royal Welch have come to town" (p. 105). Take a few extracts, by no means the worst:

The Red Lamp, the army brothel, was round the corner in the main street. I had seen a queue of a hundred and fifty men waiting outside the door, each to have his short turn with one or other of the three women in the house . . . women were not so easy to get hold of in that part of the country . . . the officers had the unfair advantage of being able to borrow horses and ride into Amiens. I remained puritanical. There was a Blue Lamp at Amiens as there was at . . . all the big towns behind the lines. The Blue Lamp was for officers, as the Red Lamp for men. . . . There were no restraints in France as in England; these boys had money to spend and knew that they had a good chance of being killed within a few weeks anyhow. They did not want to die virginal. So venereal hospitals at the base were always crowded . . . the *Drapeau Blanc* saved the lives of scores of them by incapacitating them for future trench service. (pp. 163, 231, 294). A shocking account of boy pimps at Havre (p. 127).

All this is no news to some of us. Years ago, led by Josephine Butler, we fought this matter though on behalf of India as well as the home-land. Everybody might know; but many do not want to know; or they know but won't listen, and pretend they don't know. With every declaration of war away go the Commandments, the whole Ten of them. Why women—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives—knowing about this, or being in a position to know if they wanted to know, ever allow a war to get going has always been the mystery of mysteries to me. In the full knowledge that, as General Sheridan said, war is hell, and that there are no morals in hell, politicians, preachers and "Little Mothers," notwithstanding, continue to plunge their boys into it; which leads straight to the dreadful inference that they don't care; or that their sense of values is so distorted and besotted as to imagine that war is worth the price. There is a maxim of logic that will be their damnation before whatever judgment-seat there may be: *Whoso wills the End wills also the Means.*

But what about the boys and men themselves? I blame them most for taking the first step into the abyss by enlisting. It is often said that those who make the wars, should fight them, in accordance with which the boys and men who are to be conscripted for hell should tell their governors to go to hell themselves. After the fatal step is taken there is but small hope of escape. Ringed round by inescapable dangers and miseries, what wonder that some are driven to lunacy and suicide, and others to moral derangement leading to immoral practices which in their normal state they would have loathed! Thrice accursed are the stay-at-homes who hound the boys and men to their ignoble fate! How can their doomed substitutes—some of them ignorant, some of them innocent, most of them young and inexperienced—be expected to keep the Commandments of Moses any more than the Beatitudes of Jesus, when priests and preachers, bishops and archbishops *who know the facts, who are aware of the conditions in the war zone,* nevertheless sanction their going, even sanctify it, give it their benediction, and send the hapless lads off to fight for Christ! Poor, poor lads, say you? I say, poor, poor Christ!

Ah, when will the Family, when will the School and the University, when will Church and Parliament, when will Kings, Lords and Commons, when will Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies, when will the Governments and Democracies of the earth take voice with Robert Graves in his resolute *"Good-bye to All That!"*

WALTER WALSH.

Correspondence

Sir Reginald Craddock Replies

Editor of UNITY:

Mr. Wilfred Wellock's review of my book, "The Dilemma in India," which appeared under "The Study Table" in your issue of the 7th January, is, generally speaking, not an unfair description of that work, but when he charges me with complete insensibility to world changes and post-war upheavals he is misreading the lessons which I have been seeking to explain. And when he expresses the opinion that the British must leave India free to put her latent energies and her great resources to greater advantage than can be obtained under British rule, he is so wide of the mark that I feel it obligatory to protest against a statement likely to mislead utterly those of your readers who have no knowledge of India. I wish that your readers could see the India Supplement just issued by the "Times" in London. Nothing could better refute the charge Mr. Wellock brings against British rule than this Supplement. I think that all Americans will agree that full progress can only be attained by any country if peace reigns, and that those who by premature experiments, made without regard to actual conditions, cause a reversion to chaos are not true friends of progress. It is so easy for people to sit comfortably in England or America and talk philosophically of upheavals and the ultimate good that in their imagination they will bring, if their preconceived theories prove to be correct. No wise man destroys a good work unless he can feel certain that it will be replaced by better. The sum total of human happiness does not lie in paper constitutions which are a fraud on those who will suffer under them. Under the *Pax Britannica,* India has enjoyed a degree of freedom which was never hers in the preceding thirty centuries. If we now wantonly destroy the *Pax Britannica,* what shall replace it? Which of these numerous nationalities and creeds shall obtain dominion over the rest? and after how much internecine strife? British rule in India is older than the United States of America. Ask the men who have served in the great American Missions in India what would happen if the *Pax Britannica* were removed. Your great President, Roosevelt, knew these things and understood.

Mr. Wellock is apparently under the impression that if only the British were to go, India would develop her resources in a most wonderful manner. This statement is merely laughable. Indians do not trust one another, India has been developed entirely by British capital, British enterprise, British skill and British protection. Only the Parsees in India, who are a totally different race from the rest, have shown the necessary enterprise and business ability. Whether it be railways, forests, tea or minerals, it is the British who have shown the way, and Indians have only imitated. Jute has been developed solely by British enterprise. Cotton textiles are the only branch in which Indian commercial activity (apart from the Parsees) has manifested itself, and with few exceptions the Indian cotton industry is now in a state of great depression. The large Indian-owned enterprises have been carried on only with the aid of British or American managers, and if India were given a free hand and the British departed, if there were any capital available in the chaos that would ensue, her only idea would be to bolster up inefficient industries by mountainous tariffs.

London, England. R. H. CRADDOCK.

Vladamir Tchertkoff

Editor of UNITY:

All admirers of Tolstoy will look forward with very great interest to the series of articles to be published in

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE FEDERATION

An organization devoted to the extension of knowledge concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks.

Sources of Knowledge

The findings of laboratory experiments, statistical studies and case histories concerning the effects of alcohol are extensively reported in the medical literature of the world. Titles and references alone of these articles fill 36 pages of the Index Catalog of the Library of the Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C. Statistical and other official reports of state departments and public welfare organizations contain additional information on the effects of alcohol on health and social welfare.

From these and other sources, the Scientific Temperance Federation, organized in 1906, collects, classifies, indexes, files, and disseminates the most important facts relating to the beverage use of alcohol. It has probably the largest indexed library on the alcohol question in the United States. Its purpose is to spread this knowledge everywhere as a means of preventing the human wastage due to alcoholism. To that end it is working to the extent of its resources. Its annual budget is about $12,000 for which it is dependent upon the contributions of its friends.

Much of the knowledge collected and made available by the Federation is disseminated by other organizations which depend upon it for special, reliable information. It has purposely avoided the expense and duplication of forming state and local branches, aiming rather to serve other widely organized societies as a bureau of information. Much material is disseminated in answering special requests coming by correspondence. During the past year information thus requested has been sent to college professors and students, newspaper editors, magazine writers, authors, to be used in books for public and parochial schools, courses of study, school and Sunday School programs, for university discussions, for debates, public addresses, radio talks, social welfare work, preparation of special articles for publication, and for the correction of misrepresentations in the press.

One of the Federation's channels of distribution is the Scientific Temperance Journal, a 64-page quarterly dealing with all phases of the alcohol question, including the serious and more technical discussions. The Journal is the only publication of this nature in the United States and aims especially at getting the facts to the leaders of thought.

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From time to time we receive letters containing such statements as these:

"It is a great source of strength to our whole cause that we have your organization to turn to when we need the real facts."

Or this:

"Experience tells me the best and quickest way to get information on these phases of the question is to write you."

Or this:

"I have always found the Scientific Temperance Federation a most valuable and reliable source of material, and in this case its contribution has made possible what I think will prove an important article in reply to misrepresentations made in Great Britain."

Or:

"I think I must put your work ahead of all other benevolences."

The Scientific Temperance Federation would like to serve many more than its present limited resources now enable it to reach.

SOUTH CAROLINA BEARS WITNESS

"There are two hundred thirty-two (232) textile factories in South Carolina, and only two (2) field inspectors. . . . A liberal consideration of the facts would indicate that the textile factories and conditions thereat could not be inspected and investigated more frequently than three times a year under the present force. The textile corporation can, with some degree of certainty, calculate almost the exact day on which the inspector will arrive at its plant. The laws can be observed on the day when the inspector is present, and for four months thereafter, the laws can be disregarded without being detected under the present system."

In spite of these handicaps the two field inspectors did during the three-year period 1926, 1927, and 1928 find and report a number of violations of the state labor laws. They reported 54 violations of the law restricting the maximum number of working hours in textile mills to 10 hours a day and 55 hours a week (these hours apply to all operatives, whether children or adults); 24 violations of the child labor law, involving 39 children, most of whom were working without permits; and a smaller number of cases where the sanitary regulations were not up to legal standards.

Although the law requires immediate prosecution of all infringements, "in practically every instance the Commissioner assumed absolute control over the reported instances of the violations . . . and almost invariably excused same, even though many of the reported violations were second offenses, third offenses, and even as high as fifth offenses . . . Only five prosecutions were instituted for the violations of the labor laws of the state." These five prosecutions were all cases of overtime, and resulted in the imposition of fines totaling the aggregate sum of $135. No infringements of the child labor law were prosecuted.

After investigating the strike areas,

UNITY, giving fresh matter from the pen of the great Russian novelist and prophet of humanity. That these articles are to come through Vladamir Tchertkoff, the literary executor of Tolstoy, insures their genuineness and literary and moral value. Tchertkoff himself is a very interesting character, with wide social and religious outlook and sympathies. This gift to us from Tolstoy through him will not be his first touch with America and America's liberal religious thought.

May I recall a slight incident of a somewhat personal character? Possibly it may interest some readers of UNITY to know that some years ago, while Mr. Tchertkoff was staying for a time in London, he became acquainted with my book on the Bible ("The Bible's Origin, Growth and Character") which much interested him, and which seemed to him to contain the kind of information about the Bible that the intelligent classes of Russia needed to obtain. As a result, a correspondence between us began in which he requested (and of course was granted) the privilege of translating the book into the Russian language and arranging for its publication and circulation in Russia. This plan was carried into effect. I am glad to add that in bearing the expense of the publication he was generously assisted by the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and the Unitarian Church of which Mr. Van Ness was pastor in Boston.

Of course this incident does not necessarily mean that Mr. Tchertkoff was or is a Unitarian. I have no knowledge on the subject. But it does mean that his religious views, especially those regarding the Bible, are distinctly liberal and progressive and essentially in harmony with the those of liberal thinkers in this country. It would be interesting to learn from him whether liberal books on the Bible or indeed any books on the Bible are allowed circulation in Russia now under the present Soviet government.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

"the committee is of the unanimous conclusion that at the textile industrial communities where the spirit as well as the letter of the industrial laws is being observed and obeyed, no strife or strikes have occurred. At most of the factories where strikes have occurred there have been flagrant violations of the labor laws that have not been brought to any court for redress, in fact, have not been brought any further than to the attention of the commissioner.

"The commissioner is quite indifferent to the industrial situation in the state and frankly admits that he knows nothing of the methods adopted in the adjoining states wherein the Department of Agriculture is separated from the Department of Labor. The commissioner frankly admitted that about all he knew of mill people was what little he learned when he was farm demonstrator in Lexington county, and sometimes he would talk with them in reference to working little patches and gardens after their regular work hours. The commissioner took no interest in the strike situations which recently occurred and which are now in effect, other than going to Greenville and spending a few hours in the vicinity of one of the mills whereat a strike existed, and visiting several other strike areas that same day. He testified that he had no recommendations whatsoever to make in reference to the labor situation. . . .

"In conclusion, the committee finds that the administration of the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry is in a state of inertia and lethargy, especially at a time in the development of the natural resources and industrial growth of South Carolina when such a department as that of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry should be most active and wakeful in its functions. However, the committee finds that the commissioner has been active and quite wakeful in one respect, that is, that he has been always ready to suppress and excuse practically every violation of the labor laws. . . ."

These charges represent neither the unsubstantiated maunderings of the sentimental, the jealous gibes of the northern manufacturer, or the professional talk of the labor organizer. They are quoted in all their stilted phraseology from a report presented to the South Carolina Legislature of 1930 by a committee of its own members appointed at the preceding session and called "Committee on Chain Stores!" This committee had access to official records and had and used the power to summon witnesses, including the field inspectors and the labor commissioner himself. . . .

It would be difficult to imagine a more emphatic and downright condemnation of the lax administration of the child labor law and other labor laws which exists in South Carolina —and also, it is probable, in other southern states which have not yet faced the situation so frankly.

As a result of this report, two bills have already been introduced in the South Carolina legislature. One would limit hours of work in textile mills to 9 a day and 48 a week, and prohibit night work for women. The other calls for further investigation of labor conditions in the state.

The American Child.

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